

:- A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

Little Pie Lady

By JANE OSBORN.

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WHEN Company B left Stantown you might have supposed the greatest procession of the war was that of the khaki-clad young men of Company B, with their splendid band playing, as they marched, in the glorious autumn sunlight, through the main street of that old town. True enough, it was a spectacle for which farming folk from the adjoining county, and perhaps some folk from larger cities, well journeyed to old Stantown. But other companies just as splendidly drilled and equipped as Company B had left other old towns, just as proud as Stantown; so there was nothing exactly unique in that procession.

The really remarkable procession was the procession of pies; or, rather, the procession of the pie-laden ladies of old Stantown through the main streets an hour or so earlier than the marching of Company B. As a last farewell to the boys of Company B, a feast was to be spread on rough, impromptu board tables in the largest hall in the town. Though a caterer had been summoned to supply the main courses of this feast, it had been decided that the ladies of Stantown for generations noted for their crisp, delicious apple pies, should contribute the sweet course of the banquet.

And so the pie came. They were baked bright and early the day of the banquet, and scarcely had they cooled before they were on their way in the hands of their housewife bakers, maids or children to the hall where they were later to be devoured. To carry one is comparatively easy, even when it is still warm. But to carry two, or even three, pies requires caution and a gingerliness of gait that could not fail to mark its possessor that morning as a pie contributor. Most of the pies were delivered at the hall without mishap, but here and there a scattering of crisp pie dough and apples that sent up a tempting savory fragrance, even in its ruin, showed where mishaps had occurred.

Two belated pies were carried in the outstretched hands of Madge Maddox, flushed with the excitement of the great spectacle that the day had in store and her own wonderful part in it. For Madge, though 20, had had few breaks in the monotony of her life with her old maiden aunt and older grandmother. Now, though she knew none of the boys in Company B, she looked forward with a thrill to the fact that she was one of the fifty pretty girls who had been selected to wait on them at table. Of her own volition, she was also one of the 200 housewives who had volunteered to make apple pies for the 600 boys who were expected to eat them.

She walked very gingerly from her grandmother's cottage on the outskirts of the town, hoping and half expecting to meet some one she knew with an automobile who would transport her and her pies safely to their destination. She even thought she might meet a neighbor walking toward town empty handed who would relieve her of the burden of one of the pies. But no such luck befell her.

CONFESIONS OF A WIFE :-

In the midst of my monologuing about the devotion of wives, Dick interrupted with an upsetting question. "Do you think, Margie," he said "that if you should fall in love with some one else you would come and tell me?"

I was still for a moment. It was a new thought, little book. I had not told Dick of my interest in Malcolm Sturat, yet I hope that if I had decided to sail away on that ship I would have had the courage to have told him I was going and why, and so I answered honestly, "I think I would, Dick."

"By jove, I believe you would, Margie," Dick exclaimed. "The trait I admire most in you, dear, is your courage. But let us see what that wife has to say for herself in her letter. The last you read was where she chronicled the fact that her husband had said she could not live without her. Oh, how I wish I had a nickel for every time a man has said that. John D. would have to come to borrow money."

"Yes, dear," I said "and I wish I had a nickel for every woman who has believed it."

We both laughed and I went back to my letter.

"I did not want him to die and so I married him," the wife's letter continued. "He has been fine to me in all the years we have lived together. We were married in the south and I never saw his friends or his people until we came north."

"At first my husband mourned a good deal about it, but I convinced him that the friendship of these men was only a drag on him. I think he has plenty to do if he takes care of his wife and family. I do not believe in outside friendships on either side. I have only one woman friend and I see her very seldom."

"In fact, Mrs. Waverly, I don't like women. They seem to me so foolish with their little opinions and activities. I am perfectly content to play a little with society, a brigade game once in a while, a tea at a good hotel, a visit to the theater, a dinner at the country club, a little supper

Each day The West Virginian publishes one tested recipe prepared by Mrs. S. J. Brobst, Fairmont's foremost authority upon culinary art. Cut them out and save them. Today's recipe is for—

JELLY SAUCE

(Good for Puddings, Griddle Cakes, etc.)

Two tablespoons jelly, one cup water, one tablespoon sugar, one teaspoon cornstarch.

Put in water in saucepan to boil, add jelly and sugar, stir until dissolved, then add cornstarch mixed with a little water and boil three minutes.

PUMPKIN PUDDING.

One quart boiled pumpkin, two eggs, one cup milk, one-half teaspoon ginger or cinnamon, one-fourth grated nutmeg, three-fourths cup sugar.

Boil the pumpkin until tender, pour in strainer, let stand half hour and mash through strainer; add the eggs and sugar, which have been beaten until light, the salt and spice; beat well. Brush eight cups with butter, fill with prepared mixture and dust over top with cinnamon. Put in moderate oven; bake 45 to 50 minutes. This can be served in cups or turned out on sauce dishes.

Let us get back to this old-time food-stuff, and let us begin doing it now, when it is necessary for us to make the best possible use of all our food material. For the benefit of every one who wants to help win the war with food, I will give some recipes for the good old and new ways of using "pumpkin," the humble fruit of the vine which James Whitcomb Riley immortalized.

(Tomorrow Pumpkin Souffle.)

her. The only person who appeared on the road that led to town was a man in the khaki uniform of Company B. Madge would have liked to ask the man in uniform to help her with one pie, for it was slipping in her hand, and the string that tied it was loosening.

Of course, her impulse to ask the man in khaki for assistance was only fleeting for Madge had been warned against these men. Though her grandmother had consented reluctantly that Madge help wait on them at the banquet, she had warned her emphatically not to smile at them, even if they smiled at her. Her aunt warned her especially not to speak to them, except, of course, as it was necessary in waiting on them, and then but briefly.

But the pie was slipping, and when the tall, well-built man in khaki stood beside her with outstretched hands to take it just as it would have slipped to the dusty ground. Madge had to smile, and before she knew it she had thanked the man, and they were walking together toward the hall as if they had known each other always.

As Madge and her companion walked through the streets in town she felt with pleasure the eyes of neighbors and townspeople who saw her walking with one of Company B. Now, she was like the other girls who really knew and could talk to one of these brave soldiers.

"You have been very good to help me. I've liked talking to you, too," said Madge simply, as they neared the hall where she supposed she and her soldier would part forever, "because I don't know any of the other men in Company B, and it makes me happy to have talked to one of them on the eve of departure."

"And I don't know another young lady in Stantown. That's why I felt so out of sorts when I had to come out."

"Why, that's strange," commented Madge. "I thought all the men in

Company B were from this section." "Company B—yes, so they are," agreed the man in khaki, and then changed the subject as, he followed Madge into the room where the pies had been received.

A near neighbor of Madge's, who was receiving the pies, eyed Madge narrowly, and then the man in khaki. Madge colored, and the man seemed to guess the cause of her confusion.

"You're thinking that those ladies will wonder who I am, and perhaps you are wondering yourself. May I present myself? I'm Bob Fairfax." It was just in time. The critical neighbor had eyed Madge with such disapproval that Madge turned her newly acquired information to account, and introduced her companion, adding, with a pretty little laugh, "Mr. Fairfax was just walking out the line to see my aunt and grandmother, when he met me with the pie, and I'm so glad, for—"

Somehow the usually timid Madge mustered up courage enough to ask her soldier to come home with her for luncheon, and while she left him on the front porch she had a hasty interview with her aunt, explained how they had met and the reason she had introduced him to the critical neighbor, and it was for that reason perhaps that she received the young stranger in khaki into her house and invited him to share their dainty luncheon.

The young soldier got on famously with Madge's aunt and grandmother, vowed that he had rather stay with them than join in the festivities in the armory, and when Madge went to don her Red Cross apron and veil preparatory to serving at the banquet, Mr. Fairfax was still dallying with the old ladies, walking leisurely through their garden paths and admiring all of the aunt's favorite flowers in a way that convinced her that he was "a perfect gentleman." And being sure he was such, she had no objections to offer when he suggested that he escort the pretty little Red Cross waitress to the hall of the banquet.

They parted at the door of the hall, and Mr. Fairfax held his hand out for a farewell.

"If I never see you again, little apple pie lady, may I tell you that this has been the sweetest day of my life," and as Madge murmured a "good-bye" but surely I'll see you at the banquet. Perhaps you'll be at my table," he had left her.

Madge, who had expected so much from that banquet, was keenly disappointed. In spite of the splendid effect of the 600 soldiers as they marched with blaring trumpet and beating drum into the hall for dinner she seemed to feel that something was missing. And as she had time to scan the faces of the men who sat at the long tables, she knew that she was right. Her soldier man was not there.

Why hadn't he cared enough for her to stay for the banquet?

It was past 9 that night when Madge, with cheeks flushed with fatigue, excitement and disappointment, stole out of the hall. She had promised her aunt to come home with neighbors who lived near her, but she dreaded the trip up the line with them. Having finished her share of the work, she skipped out, and started homeward alone.

Fairfax stepped to her side before she had gone ten paces, and so content did they both seem just in the consciousness of being together after their three-hour separation that Madge forgot to ask him why he had not been at the banquet.

As they turned into the lane she asked him. "I didn't want you to know; but I'm not one of Company

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AFTER THE GAMES ARE OVER AND TIME COMES FOR HALLOWE'EN LUNCH, FEED GUESTS THUS:

BY BIDDY BYE.

Table decorations for a Jack-o'-Lantern Jubilee must necessarily include pumpkins big and pumpkins little. Both kinds are introduced into the attractive witches cauldron of the illustration. Its value is increased when an assortment of prophecies is put into the kettle to be distributed to the guests when the strong black coffee is served.

Hallowe'en menus usually include the homely cider and doughnuts, chestnuts and apples which belong to other harvest home celebrations.

The following menu is plain and

substantial, and just a little different.

JACK-O'-LANTERN MENU.

Jack-o'-Lantern Salad
Brown Bread Sandwiches
Fruit Loaf Cake
Priscilla Pop Corn
Cider or Coffee.

JACK-O'-LANTERN SALAD.

Soak salt herring in lukewarm water and drain. Cook in boiling water for 15 minutes. When cool, separate into flakes and add an equal quantity of cold boiled potato, and 1-4 the quantity of chopped, hard-boiled eggs. Mix with French dressing and chill in refrigerator until serving time. Beat 1-4 cupful of cream until stiff and mix with it 2 tablespoonfuls of chopped pimentos. Mix with equal portion of mayonnaise dressing and combine with the salad. Serve on lettuce leaves, slightly flattening the heap on top to receive the "Jack-o'-Lantern, which is a small full moon face cut from a very thin slice of American cheese, the eyes marked with bits of clove, and the nose and mouth by thin strips of pimento. Brown bread sandwiches with a filling of chopped peanuts is served with this salad.

RAISED FRUIT LOAF.

One cupful butter, 2 cupfuls brown sugar, 2 eggs, 2 cupfuls bread sponge, 2 teaspoonfuls cinnamon, 1 teaspoonful clove, 2 teaspoonfuls soda, 1 tea-

poonful salt, 2 cupfuls raisins, 1 cupful flour.

Cream butter and add slowly, while beating constantly sugar then add well beaten eggs, bread sponge, spice, soda and salt, and flour mixed and sifted, and raisins, cut in half and dredged with flour. Turn into buttered and floured oblong pans and let rise 2 1-2 hours and then bake for an hour.

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